



Nothing by Memessavedme

Series: [Edit Companion One-Shots \[5\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Coma, M/M, Post-Canon, Sad Steve Harrington

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Joyce Byers, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Warnings Apply

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Summary:

Billy still hasn't woken up after Starcourt

Nothing



You all told us that you could fix him



That you would make sure that boy had a chance after sacrificing himself to kill the monster you helped create



We won't know the extent of his injuries until he wakes up, if he wakes up at all. Until then its all guess work



So wake him up!



Week after week nothing. No glimmer of hope. The same information about the same situation that wasn't getting any better or worse. That was the thing, at times he thought it getting worse would be better than nothing. A slow decline to the end would be something to feel, something to deal with. But that was stupid, nothing was better than worse.

Except, as he sat there in the room by the bed, machines beeping he couldn't help but feel this was pointless. Deep down that they were postponing the enviable. The end.

Still, he watched as his chest slowly rose and fell, his body attached to countless wires keeping him alive. Healing, he hoped.

But he knew he wasn't, that no matter how long they came here that if he didn't wake up it was all for nothing. That his mind could be long gone but his body being dragged along by technology he didn't understand.

Some nights he found himself sitting in his car outside, staring at his window hoping, praying to whatever controlled the rules of the universe that he would one day appear there. A silly thing but one that brought a brief moment of comfort.

Just as he reached for his hand, to feel his still warm skin the door opened and he jumped back. Joyce entered without a word, taking the seat beside him.

"Nothing new," She told him without needing to be asked. "He has to wake up before they know what to do."

"Yeah," Steve breathed.

"It's only been three weeks. He needs time to heal. I know he'll wake up, I just know it," She smiled and took his hand to squeeze it.

Steve nodded.

"It's just the last conversation we had...it wasn't the nicest."

"Then talk to him. He'll hear you somewhere in there," She replied, squeezed his hand again and stood up to leave. "He will already know you didn't mean whatever you said."

She closed the door quietly leaving them alone again. Wanting to get close he stood up and shuffled himself onto the corner of the bed and took his hand.

"I don't know if you can hear me but if you can, I'm the biggest idiot in the world," He began. "That night was my fault. I should've believed you, it's just with how Nancy was with Jonathan...I can get nervous about that sort of thing and when I saw how she looked at you it set something off and I was so wrong to accuse you like that."

For a moment he paused to just look at his scarred face, hair cut short and out of the way. Still so beautiful but nothing. No response. Not that he realistically expected him to wake up like some sort of movie but he looked almost dead. Asleep as if everything was okay.

"It was so dumb, she's a mother and married. You would never do that to me and I'm so sorry I said what I did. God, please just wake up Billy.....I need you here with me because without you there's nothing anymore," He took in a deep breath to keep it together. "I miss you so damn much. Please, just please come back to me. For Max or that trip, we planned to Chicago. Whatever it is just come back for it. Please."

He paused again but this time to stand up and get close to his ear. Making sure not to disturb the wires he whispered, "I love you more than anyone or anything. I really hope you know that."

With that, he cleared his throat and left to follow Joyce out of there and to the parking lot. His visitation being only allowed through her history with Dr Owens.

He nodded to her and smiled. A simple thank you, she did the same in return.

For the first time in what felt like centuries, he had the familiar warm feeling of hope in his chest as he sat in the driver's seat because maybe he would wake up and he knew deep down that he would be there for that. That he would come back every day if needed to talk him awake, make sure he knew exactly what he would be waking up to...

